The Tragedy of the Ages

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE THREE ANGEL MESSENGERS.

"The mighty angel tall, superbly grand,
In star-bespangled robe, did wave her hand,
And bade them ride, and loud their message cry."

THE TRAGEDY OF THE AGES

—OR—

CALVARY AND GEHENNA

BY

PROF. WM. D. T. TRAVIS, A. M.

THE EMINENT ARTIST, LECTURER AND AUTHOR

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWELVE REMARKABLE FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS FROM ENTIRELY ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION BY

REV. EDWARD B. HODGE, D. D.

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

WHEN a gentleman, whose reputation and ability as a writer is only exceeded by his fame as an artist, selects the most sublime subject of which mankind can conceive, and gives to it his best efforts, we very naturally expect, as a result, an important contribution to American literature.

The Tragedies of Calvary and Gehenna! The Tragedy of the Ages! The Divine Tragedy! What a theme for inspiration, for research and study, for the imagination of the artist and the pen of the author. And the Publishers may be pardoned, after having confirmed their own judgment by obtaining that of eminent critics, for claiming for this volume a degree of originality, a depth of conception, a knowledge of history, and a masterly style with both the pen and pencil, seldom found in any one book.

The writer of this preface has had the pleasure of viewing the remarkable series of Scriptural and other paintings upon which Prof. Travis is now engaged, in his Studio at "Nosilla," his residence, near Burlington, New Jersey. One of these paintings, "The March of Mortality," although not yet complete, has been valued by one of Philadelphia's best known art galleries at a sum which has rarely been paid

for the work of an American artist, and bids fair to take rank with the productions of the "old masters."

General Rosecrans and the other Commanders of the Cumberland Army commissioned Prof. Travis to paint from his field sketches a portraiture of that Army, and the result was a series of pictures now famous, as are many of the War scenes sketched by Prof. Travis for *Harper's Weekly* and other publications.

For The Tragedy of the Ages we have selected as a frontispiece the drawing entitled "The Three Angel Messengers." This illustration exemplifies the originality of conception and genius in execution displayed throughout this volume, and the scene depicted sums up, in its full significence, the poem itself.

The portrait of Christ is deserving of special mention. The artist from his earliest recollection has felt that nearly all portraits of Christ depict a man of weak character, and, in some instances, almost imbecility. He has embodied in the picture of Christ to be found in this work his conception of our Saviour as a man whose countenance expressed great tenderness, compassion and goodness, coupled with remarkable strength of character, uncompromising firmness, and great physical strength. Prof. Travis drew several designs for this portrait, and, after much time spent in study, in prayer and in work, the one presented in this volume for the consideration of the Christian world, impressed itself firmly upon him as the true likeness of the man Christ Jesus.

The illustrations in this work were drawn on the Ross prepared

paper, and were reproduced by the Levytype Photo-Engraving Company of Philadelphia.

Dr. Talmage says, "Thank God for good books, inspiring books, Christian books. If I worshiped anything on earth, it would be a good book." The Tragedy of the Ages is a good book, an inspiring book, a Christian book. It is a home book. Nothing harmful must ever enter that Eden, but all influences for good must shield the purity and stimulate the holy ambitions, which are so appropriately enshrined within that sanctuary of embowered bliss. These pen and pencil pictures of events of vital importance to all mankind—events in comparison to which all else in the history of the world pales into insignificence —are for the fireside and the family circle.

We have aimed to give The Tragedy of the Ages a suitable dress, so far as mechanical execution is concerned, and, with Dr. Hodge in his introduction, we bid this volume God-speed on its mission for good into the homes of America.

THE PUBLISHERS.

INTRODUCTION.

By Rev. Edward B. Hodge, D. D.

THE story of Calvary has been often told, but it can never lose freshness of interest while the world lasts. The minister of the gospel needs no apology as he repeats it every day in the ears of men. As long as sin and guilt and sorrow and pain abound the old story must be told in the palaces of the rich and in the cottages of the poor. That which was to the Jew a stumbling-block and to the Greek foolishness has proved itself to be the power of God and the wisdom of God. The telling of the story of Calvary is the true panacea for all human woe. It saves the individual. It is the salvation of the state. The reason is obvious. It is a message of reconciliation brought from heaven.

To tell the story of Calvary is simply to let men know that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them"; that, there on the Cross, He "made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." There are various ways, however, of telling this story. The man that can tell it best has the best prospect, other things being

equal, of making it effective for the good of his fellow-men as individuals and for the good of the state. The minister of the Gospel has no monopoly in this matter. The poet and the artist have a similar privilege. The author of the following pages is both poet and artist. He has felt deeply, and written under strong emotions. His imagination, kindled by his theme, has vividly reproduced the scenes which his pen describes, and his skilful pencil has delineated them for our benefit; *the treachery of Judas*, who is seen under the full paschal moon in the act of betraying his Master with a kiss; *the zeal of Peter*, who for his Master's defence has drawn his sword, and, striking at the astonished servant of the high-priest, cut off his ear; *the scene in the high-priest's palace*, where Caiaphas and the priests, unable to carry into execution their own sentence of death, are sending Jesus, bound with cords, to Pilate's residence, while the glare of torches reveals, by the chair of the high-priest, the servant, healed of his wound but unwilling to dispense with a bandage about his head—the look upon his face telling plainly of the satisfaction he takes in the disposition made of the prisoner; *the scene before Pilate*, where the governor sits thoughtful and perplexed, convinced of the innocence and moral dignity of Jesus, anxious to release Him, but allowing his better feelings to be overborne by his desire to quiet the clamors of the Jews and by his dread of being accused of disloyalty to the emperor at Rome; *the scene outside of the gate of the city*, where Jesus sinks under the weight of the cross, and Simon comes to His assistance;

the scene at Calvary, where the deed was done, so damning to Judas, and Caiaphas, and Pilate, but made of God the redemption of the world; *the scene in the Temple*, where the astonished priests see Judas venturing in, sick of his ill-gotten silver, to confess his sin in having betrayed innocent blood; *the scene in the valley of Hinnom*, with the traitor dangling at the end of the cord with which in desperation he has hanged himself.

The contrast suggested in the title chosen by the author for his poem is most forcibly presented in these pictures. Judas hangs suspended from the branch of an olive-tree ready to drop into Gehenna in the abandonment of despair. Jesus hangs suspended on the cross, the object of hope, the promise of life everlasting to a hitherto despairing world.

That is a finely conceived scene in which the issue of the two contemporary, and substantially simultaneous tragedies is represented. The three crosses lie prostrate on the ground at Calvary. A strong angel occupies a central place issuing orders to three other angels ready on winged steeds to carry appointed messages to the ends of the earth. One flies from the central cross, on which Jesus hung, to tell to all mankind the story of a perfected redemption bought with blood. Another flies from the cross lately occupied by the repentant thief to let the chief of sinners know that the gate of mercy has been opened wide for all who will confess their sins. The third flies, faithful, too, but sad at heart, from the remaining cross to carry a message of woe

to all the impenitent of earth. Even the foul spirit of the hanged and disembowelled Judas is made use of by the mighty angel who presides over the scene. On his steed, black as night, he must go everywhere through the world, a warning in every place and through all time of the frightful issue of broken vows, of friendship hypocritically assumed for selfish ends, and of a treacherous and disloyal heart.

The reader will also be interested in *the spirited scene in which Ben Az is represented in the act of warning the infatuated Jews of the direful consequences of their deed of blood.* He would have them know that their imprecation has been recorded in heaven, and that the blood of Jesus will surely be required of them and of their children.

How the impending ruin could have been averted, is indicated in another picture, *where Jesus is seen driving out the traders from the court of the Temple*; a hint, which alas! was not taken, that repentance and reformation could save the state. Everyone will, of course, turn eagerly to the pages on which our author has portrayed *the features of Christ*, as he has conceived them, *and the features of Judas Iscariot.* He can hardly study the traitor's face and figure without a new impression of the hatefulness of hypocrisy, treachery, and greed. He can hardly study the face of Jesus, in which purity, strength, and a wisdom more than earthly, reveal themselves, and in which, too, the lines of sorrow are marked, without feeling new impulses of love to the Redeemer of men.

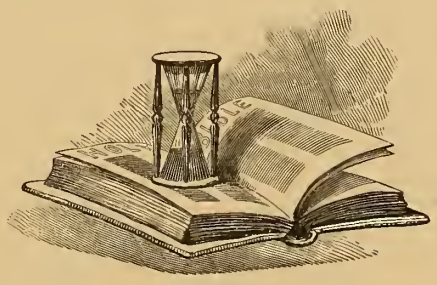
These illustrations are not servile imitations of other men's works

but are marked by decided originality and vigor of conception. The artist has endeavored thus to express in a vivid manner his idea of the scenes described in his poem, and in doing so to keep as closely as he very well could to the exact appearance of the actors and their surroundings. If any one should detect some deviations from this general rule he must ascribe it, not to ignorance or mistake, but to that perhaps justifiable license which artists sometimes allow themselves for the better expression of their thought.

I count it a pleasing privilege to help speed this little book with its pictures on its way, in the humble hope that the "Tragedy of Calvary," as here told, may attract the attention and touch the hearts of many who have not hitherto been affected by it: and that the "Tragedy of Gehenna" may teach its solemn lessons so faithfully that men of greed, and hypocrisy, and deceit, and selfishness, may be rebuked; and, warned in season, escape the deep damnation of a Judas Iscariot.

EDWARD B. HODGE.

The Manse,
Burlington, New Jersey.



ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE THREE ANGEL MESSENGERS.

"The mighty angel tall, superbly grand,
In star-bespangled robe, did wave her hand,
And bade them ride, and loud their message cry."

THE CHRIST.

"He came, the Conqueror, He came, but they,
Poor Jews, knew not, so quietly He came."

THE BETRAYAL.

"What, friend! Why, Judas, dost betray thou me—
And with a kiss?"

JUDAS RETURNS THE MONEY.

"Then down did Judas cast
The hated silver pieces all."

JUDAS HANGS HIMSELF.

"Then surged he out with stiffened arms, and head
Far back, with shriek that startled all the birds."

JUDAS.

"The base, black eyed, bad man of Kerioth."

CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS.

"Away with Him to Pontius Pilate, haste!"

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

"The sweat broke forth from Pilate's knitted brow."

CHRIST SINKING 'NEATH THE CROSS.

"He trembling 'neath the cross exhausted sank."

THE CRUCIFIXION.

"Then darkness hung o'er old Jerusalem,
And gloomful shade o'er all Judea spread."

BEN AZ.

"Thus spake, in tones
Like voice of doom, the wise and great Ben Az."

CHRIST DRIVING OUT THE MONEY CHANGERS.

"True, He did drive the money changers out
The temple here."

To Emma,

MY ANGEL WIFE, WHOSE
ABIDING LOVE FOR ME WAS
EXCEEDED ONLY BY THAT
SHE BORE FOR HER SAVIOUR,
I LOVINGLY DEDICATE THESE
HUMBLE LINES ON
THE CRUCIFIXION OF OUR LORD.

The Tragedy of the Ages

Two THOUSAND years ago, but little less,
Excitement rose throughout Jerusalem.
It catching spread, contagion-like, till wild,
Almost a maddened frenzy, it became.
The soldiery, the populace, and all
The rabble hordes, with those the better sort,
The proud nobility, e'en royalty,
Were moved upon by one strange spell alike.
A passion, it to morbidness had grown,
To see an oft-enacted scene of law—
A crucifixion done on Calvary.
The Jews were ruled by Rome, and they despised
But could not cast the galling yoke they bore.

The time was ripe for them to have a king,
A splendid king, in all magnificence,
A king anointed and ordained by God
To rival all the kings of earth, and drive
The Roman soldiery and governors
All back to Rome. The publicans cast out,
They'd toil no more their grievous tax to raise.
Then would their altars smoke, and incence rise,
And all the good old times the Jews e'er knew
Return to them again. Hail, happy day!
For theirs would be a king no earthly king
Could move, and all the palaces now built
In grandeur there by Roman pride would they,
At gathering time for all the Jews to feast,
These pagan walls, from base to turret high,
Bedeck with palms and cedar-boughs for God
And their triumphant king. O joyous hope!
Now come Messiah king, so long foretold!

THE CHRIST.

"He came, the conqueror, He came; but they,
Poor Jews, knew not, so quietly He came."

He came, the Conqueror, He came, but they,
Poor Jews, knew not, so quietly He came.
In manger born, and with His father toiled,
Then walked He by the sea, and with the poor
He took His part, and made them glad. The sick
He touched, and made them whole, the blind to see.
From towns along the coast, and far in-land,
Where He had taught and healed the sick,
His fame grew great. E'en whilst a boy, did He
Confound the Doctors of the law who sat
In old Jerusalem's capacious hall,
'Midst marble colonnades, in temple grand.
Aye, even then their King was there, and stood
He face to face with Doctors, Rabbis wise,
E'en wisest they of all the Jews, and still
They knew Him not, a King in flesh, a God,
In His incarnate form unknown to them.
His time had not yet come. He grew apace;

Then walked He by the sea, and called to Him
Betimes His twelve. And, O, what privilege
Did they, the twelve, unknowing, have.
But wondrous history was wrought the while,
The lone brief while they followed Him, and heard
The golden wondrous words His tongue did speak.
Along the coast did Jesus walk and talk;
Old Mediterranean's classic waves
Caught up His deathless tones, and pitched them high
Upon the mighty wind that bears them still.
Out from Capernaum there followed Him,
A mighty throng; there on the mount he stood,
And talked as never man did talk before.
The olive leaves hung mute, as if to hear;
The silent air drew in fresh breath, and bore
Away those words to everlasting winds.
Along the brooks, and through the valleys far,
And o'er the hills and mountain crags, they bore

The wondrous truths He spake that day to man.
Those words of deathless tone reverberate
Along the line of all the learning known
By man, and sound in unison with all
That science boasts as progress gained by Him.
In synagogues He healed and daily taught;
Then jarred the mighty temple's walls to hear
His scathing voice to thieves and hypocrites.
What Sadducee or Pharisee, what priest
Or potentate, could hear, unsanctified
By grace divine, his woes pronounced on him?
They liked it not, and Him they grew to hate,
While all the more the people followed Christ,
The more the Sadducees and Pharisees,
The lawyers, priests, and scribes did Him despise,
And more determined grew to take His life;
So counsel took anon to do His death.
Dissatisfied and disappointed, too,

The black-eyed man from Kerioth did cringe
And crawl before the High Priest's council, set
To scheme and plan the law to circumvent,
And thus to lay on Rome the death their hearts
Conceived, in all detail of crime accursed.

Before the scornful priests now Kerioth's
Dark-faced bad man, with eyes of glassy black,
Did crawl like slimy worm, a traitor base.
Bemeaned in every look and tone, said he:
"And I betray to you the Nazarene,
What moneyed price shall be my recompense?"
O! wretched Judas, hanged by thine own hand,
What recompense thy paltry price for blood
That warms in love the world it gushed to save!
With loathing scorn they all their eyes on him
Did turn, then with contempt in all their sneers,
As with each other glances changing quick.

Said Caiaphas, "And you the soldiers show
This night His sleeping place, and Him point out,
Thou thirty pieces silver coin shalt have.
I've said; Away! but, hark, you dark-skinned knave,
Think not to waver now—make no mistake."
Then lifted Caiaphas, with gleaming eye,
His hand; he smote the table hard, and said:
"And thou do trifle now, God do to me,
And also more, if I see not thy blood."
Then hard he walked the room, while Judas stood
Transfixed with fear, as Caiaphas quick turned,
And said: "We'll write thy name; come, speak it out."
Then thick the traitor's tongue became, and he
Did twice essay before he spoke it plain.
"I'm Judas, called Iscariot." "Dost follow Him?"
Then Caiaphas did ask. "I followed Him,"
The traitor self-condemned before them said.
A chilling sense crept o'er the priests, while they

Did closer draw their robes about them all,
When one then said in muttered voice: "Enough,
Do Caiaphas, send out the jackal knave."

So silent was Gethsemane, and dark
As night of sorrow ever was, where slept
The drowsy watchers, who now started up,
Dismayed, bewildered, all beholding there
The soldiers come around the loving Christ.
But Christ stood calm, serene, and undismayed;
Then, turning mildly, thus to Judas said:
"What, friend! why, Judas, dost betray thou me—
And with a kiss?" But Judas heard no more,
Nor more said Christ to him. Condemned he stood,
As speechless as the darkness there that hung
O'er sad Gethsemane that dreadful night.
Condemned, returned he not with them, but stole
Along beneath the trees, and, skulking, hid

THE BETRAYAL.

"What, friend! why, Judas, dost betray thou me—
And with a kiss?"

Away from eyes of all the twelve, 'till death
Did hide his broken soul in self from sight.
That night he stumbling plodded back alone;
Low skulked along, in places most obscure,
'Neath shadows dark of rocks and walls and trees.
But when he forth did crawl from 'neath the gloom,
Where dark'ning shadows did him serve to hide—
For fear and guilt did make him dread the light—
He stooped and crouched the more, for bright came out
The full grand moon—the dear old paschal moon
Came sailing out from 'neath a cloud, and all
Its good pure light there cast in his bad face.
His glassy eyes glared wildly all around,
His face was thrice detestable to see,
So haggard, wild, might demons put to flight,
Whilst through his soul did all Hell's devils rave.
In cavern first he crouched, till fear did drive
Him forth, then crept he in the gate, to seek

In tavern lodging, where his moneys all
He counted o'er, for he did keep the purse—
Those thirty pieces, silver coin, were his.
He counted them, and brooded o'er his deed,
Resolving thus, "If Christ they kill or not,
I'll early quit this vile accursed place."
But no, he could not go, and brooded still.
When morning dawned, he had not slept, for, lo!
He'd sneaked and crept about the High Priest's house,
And when he knew and saw his loving Christ
Reviled, spit on, and struck hard in the face,
His soul in shame was wrenched in anguish sore.
He tried in vain to leave Jerusalem;
All through the dreadful night, shamed, he had kept
Aloof from John and all the rest, but heard
That day with hope, when Pontius Pilate strove
To save from death the Christ he had betrayed.
Yet every time the angry Jews cried out,

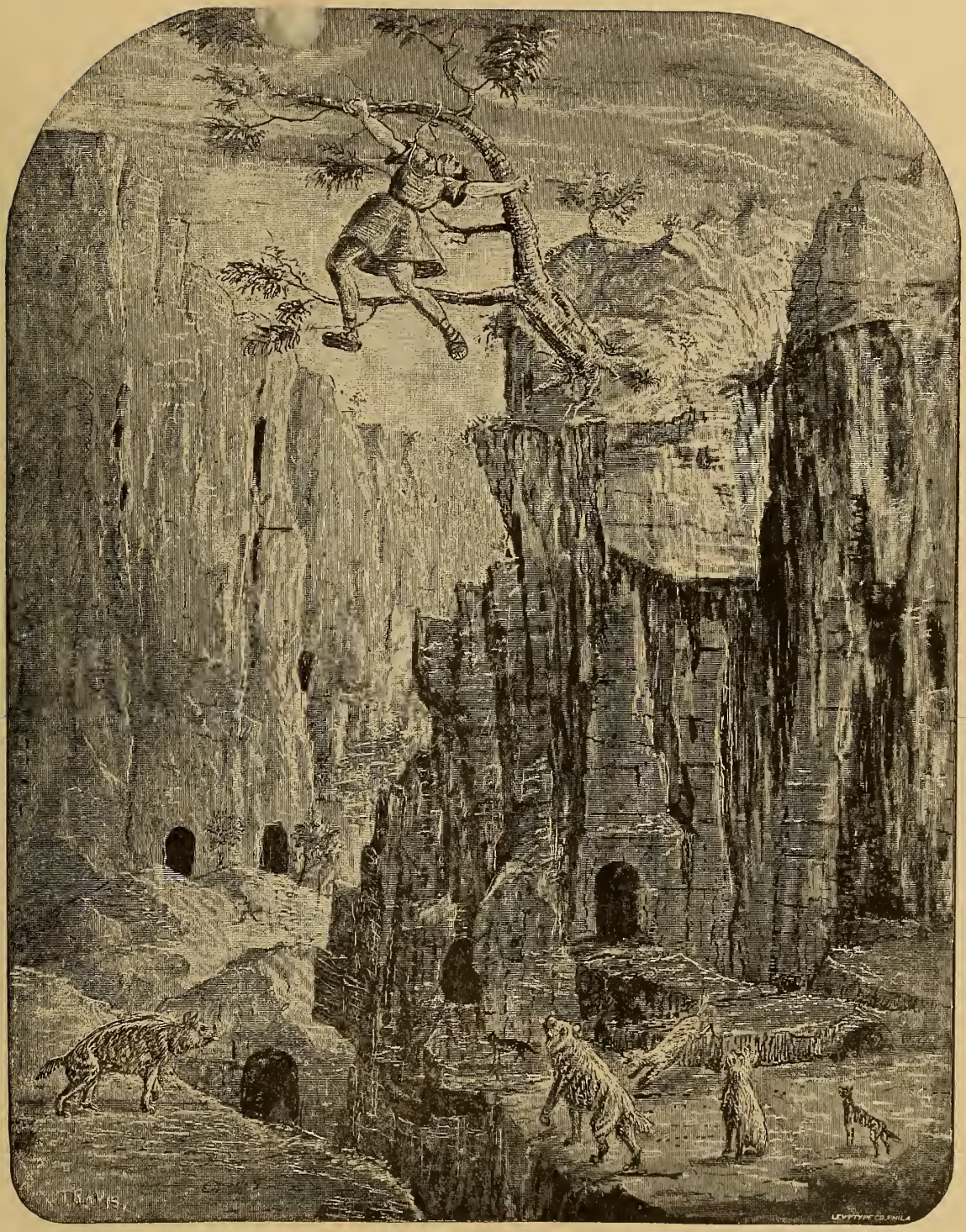
"His blood on us and on our children be,"
Poor Judas thought, "Ah, nay, His blood's on me!"
With breathless hope had Judas looked to see
Released the Christ, when Pilate pleaded strong
For Him, but when Barabbas was their choice,
Then Judas sought the priests once more, and said:
"Thy silver, O High Priest! I bring thee back;
I've sinned, betrayed the blood of innocence."
Then with detested sneer snarled Caiaphas,
And with him snarled they all, "What's that to us?
See thou to it." Then down did Judas cast
The hated silver pieces all, with glare
Of wretchedness that fiendish looked to them.
Back staggered Caiaphas, and shrank from him,
As past he stalked, the reckless, horrid wretch.
Nor right nor left looked he, as out the gate
He strode along, nor stopped till on the hill
He stood, where men with spades three holes had dug,

JUDAS RETURNS THE MONEY.

"Then down did Judas cast
The hated silver pieces all."

In which three crosses soon would stand; he gazed
A moment there, and all the dreadfulness
Of monstrous self, as self-condemned, him filled
With horrors more than old Golgotha held,
With all her skulls, jackals, and spirits damned.
Down into Hinnom's darkest place he plunged;
Once did he try to say, "O Christ!" but fell
His palsied tongue. "O God!" he could not say;
One, only one resolve now filled the man—
Death, sudden, awful, death most desperate.
High up a crag there leaned far out a tree;
It fascinated him, so there he climbed.
A cord he looped about his neck, and quick
The other end secured he on the tree.
One frightful cry then rang o'er rocky hills,
And down through dismal gaps and caves did sound,
With fiendish shrillness wild, the cry of him:
"Come vultures now, tear out my eyes, and feast

Upon my carcass here, with flies and worms;
Come all ye beasts and snakes and vermin vile,
Come, tear and feast, Gehenna's banquet's spread;
For when you've gorged on Judas, traitor foul,
So loathsome and accursed, you'll writhe and die;
And you, Gehenna, take my damned lost soul!"
Then surged he out, with stiffened arms, and head
Far back, with shriek that startled all the birds,
And roused the wild beasts back in caverns hid;
The wolves and jackals yelped and howled, while dogs
Did bark, and piteously moan of fright.
A shocking jerk the cord did snap in twain;
He fell, and bounded down from rock to rock,
Sharp, jagged edges broke and tore his flesh,
'Till mangled, broken, wretched, lay he dead;
And there was found, his bowels gushing out.
The jackals and hyenas gnawed his bones;
His feet, and hands, and arms were stripped and torn,



JUDAS HANGS HIMSELF.

"Then surged he out with stiffened arms, and head
Far back, with shriek that startled all the birds."

But there unscratched his face so horrid glared,
With more than fiendish ghastly hellishness,
That snake, nor beast, nor bird would dare it touch:
His glassy eyes, so black in glare of white,
Seemed set in demon stare, all to defy—
A loathsome, frightful thing, and all did turn
Away from sight of him—the dark-skinned man,
The base black-eyed bad man of Kerioth.

O, Judas! how through all these centuries
Hath borne thy soul, its weight of guilt, and shame.
Dost comfort take in this, thou false to Christ,
That Hell so large and deep and long doth ope
Its caverns wide and dark to gather in
The vast unnumbered millions of thy kind?
For Judas, justice e'en to thee bids me
Confess that there had been, and even now
Are those, who were, and are, more vile than thou,

JUDAS.

"The base, black-eyed, bad man of Kerioth."

Who didst thyself destroy; whilst they would live,
And still anon their treachery repeat.
Yet, ah, alas! thy spirit fills the souls
Of men in every grade of life to-day.
Ah, oft they win the faith and love of girls,
With perjured pledge of sacred faith,
Then, in the ashes of their hopes burned up,
They leave them, blasted, in the blight of shame.
And, too, a maiden fair of lanquid eye,
Thy same false kiss doth give some trusting mate,
And wins her confidence in cooing tones,
Which she doth most perfidiously betray.
Broad-shouldered men do every day belie
Their sacred vows to trusting faith forsworn.

From dark Gethsemane, betrayed, they brought
The unresisting Christ, and guarded Him;
And much they jested 'till the morning dawned,

Nor thought of how a world's salvation hung
Upon that dread, momentous night, while there,
All heedless and unconsciously, they held
The great Redeemer, scoffed, in rude contempt.
To Caiaphas brought, vindictive hate Christ felt
Confronted Him; there, undenying, heard
False witness on Him passed; He stood reviled,
But, dignified, sublime, said not a word.
Then Caiaphas did learn what power there was
In silence held by One above his soul.
It maddened him, 'till in his wrath he cried,
"Away with Him to Pontius Pilate, haste!"
So there they hurried Him, the guards and priests.
Malignant Caiaphas, now all aglow,
Surrounded by his dupes of such as carp
With him, or else in turn extoll and praise,
As pleases best the one they truckle to.
There he and they and all who could stood out

CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS.

"Away with him to Pontius Pilate, haste!"

By Pontius Pilate's court, to witness there
Against the Christ, the Nazarene despised.
There stood, majestic, dignified, and calm;
The loving Christ without offence or sin.
On Pontius Pilate His mild eye but turned,
When Pilate felt conviction's work begun.
And who may say what agonies of soul
He felt? But this we know, that Pilate strove
To save from wicked hands the One despised.
Anon he looked in Christ's mild eye, and there
He felt what eye had never thrilled in him
Before: 'twas God's compassionating love,
And Pilate almost loved his Savior then.
"Ye gods!" thought he, "whom have I here, whose eye
So mild doth strangely touch my soul, 'till I
Do almost love the Man. O Nazarene!
To Herod sent I Him, and Herod hath
Himself no tender heart, but back he sends

To me, yet uncondemned, this perfect Man.
What signifies to me this High-Priest's hate?
This Caiaphas, did not he make demand
That sacrifice of some man's life be made
For all the nation wide, to gather all
The Jews together thus? Fanatic, he
Thinks so to have his way, and make his word
Of wisdom rise to e'en prophetic height;
Hence would this just and wondrous One destroy."
But, O, in vain did Pontius Pilate try
To reason with the Jews, protesting strong
That nothing worthy death in Him was found.
In vain he said: "On festal days you have
A custom, Jews, to have released to you
Some one beneath the bann of law, let Him
Go free, this guiltless One." Then all the more
They cried, "Let Him be crucified, and give
To us this day Barabbas free." And yet

Again did Pilate ask, "What hath He done?"
While Caiaphas bade priests, and all the Jews
Cry out, "Let Christ be crucified and give
Barabbas free to us this day; for, hark,
If thou let Him go free, who calls Himself
A King, thou, Pilate, art not Cæsar's friend."
The sweat broke forth from Pilate's knitted brow.
"Ye gods," thought he, "shall this One's blood be shed,
And I lift not my voice to save, and yet
I dare no more, though He of truth be King,
As He hath said, and more than king? I dare
No more, and yet I strangely feel to call
On their Jehovah God, to me unknown,
For strangely hath my spirit moved in me,
To almost loving Him, as ne'er I loved
A pagan god. Aye, more than king, perhaps
The Son of Him in yonder temple hid,
Their Jehovah God—I tremble at His name."

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

"The sweat broke forth from Pilate's knitted brow."

Just then to him his wife a message sent.
He trembling heard, and paler grew to hear,
So strange his wife's advice: "Have, Pilate, naught
To do with that just Man, for I this day
Have suffered much because of dreams of Him."
Then once again did he go out, and try
With all his soul to change the cruel priests,
Who bade the people still cry out the more:
"Nay, crucify the Christ who dares to call
Himself a King, and e'en the Son of God."
Then went he in, and thus soliloquized:
"If He's false-charged—no malefactor He,
But royal bred, a king and not of earth,
For He hath said to me, 'Not of this world
My kingdom is'—then king and more than king,
Believe I Him, and if Thy Son, O God
Unknown, then, witness Thou for me, I'll wash
My hands of Thy Son's blood, and on the scrip

I'll write Him King of all the Jews, and let
His blood upon them be, and not on me.
Yes, King believe I Him, and such a king
No kingdom ever had on earth. A king?
Aye more than king is He, while woe is me!
'Tis strange," soliloquized he still, "that she,
My wife, apart from such concerns of law,
Hath sent me word that doth me sore oppress.
'Have naught to do with that just Man,' she said.
A Roman true I am, and yet I fear."
His last appeal had Pontius Pilate made.
But when they still demanded Christ should die,
He washed his hands before them all, and said:
"I'm innocent of this just person's blood—
See ye to it." Then wild the Jews cried out,
"His blood on us and on our children be."

A royal robe they put on Him in jest,
And crowned Him with a crown of thorns, and laughed.
But little did they reck how every thorn
Would pierce in after years the hardest heart,
And like an adder sting while pricking them
With waking conscience, even to remorse.
Nay, little did they think that thorny crown,
Which they had made in low contempt for Christ,
A vulgar jest when called they Him a king,
Was after all a crown, and crowned a King;
A crown prophetic too of such a crown
As mortal man wears not, nor can he stand
In sight of its resplendent glorious sheen,
Reflecting God majestic—all Divine.
The trifling reed they placed within his hand
A scepter now hath verily become,
That's reaching o'er the mighty world, and all
The nations yet must bow beneath its sway.

A wooden cross they brought, and laid on Him,
Then 'mid the deaf'ning tumult wild they cried
In jeering taunts, "Look now, behold the king!"
But passing through the outer gate with Him,
A solemn silence gathered over them,
As toiled He 'neath the heavy cross in pain,
Along and up the hard and stony way
To awful Calvary. O wondrous sight,
A God Omnipotent—the Deity—
Becoming weak, incarnate, suff'ring, faint
He trembling 'neath the cross exhausted sank.
When, lo! exalted privilege there came
To one whose fame immortal still shall be,
For surely Simon's deed the angels praised,
As reaching forth he caught the falling cross,
Where Christ had tried to bear it o'er the ledge
Of rock, but could no higher climb with it.
Aye, deathless name! immortal be thy fame,

CHRIST SINKING 'NEATH THE CROSS.

"He trembling 'neath the cross exhausted sank."

Good Simon, bold Cyrenian, for then
'Twas there that thou didst opportunely come
And prompt, obedient to the soldiers' will,
Compassion in thy heart, thy tender heart,
By God directed, thou didst quick catch up,
And on thy shoulders broad bear strong for Christ
His cross, on up the rugged stony way,
Far up on Calvary's hard and heartless breast,
And on her dreadful summit lay it down.
So then away to Calvary they dragged
And crucified the Nazarene despised.

Dramatic, brief, had been the scene that mocked
The goodly name of justice where he sat
In court, pale Pilate, grave and nervous more
Than was his wont on duty's line, for he
Was daily used to hear all charges brought,
And, trying them as seemed him just, at once

He did his sentence pass without a qualm.
Not so that day. High priests, we've said, were there;
Amongst them Caiaphas stood puffed and red,
With vengeful jealousy, supported strong
By popular demand that Christ should die.
Should die? the Son of God and by the will
Of priests of God? O priest of every faith!
Alas, thy title, sacred though it be,
A potency has oft become in crime.
Since first a priestly robe was donned, and men
Through fear—in faith propitiation sought
Through priests, while all their occult arts did trust,
And they did go, and trembling wait to hear
Declared to them the voice of oracles,
Oft-times dread voice of pan-hellenic fame
Like destiny to them, grim pagan priests
A mighty force for weal or woe have been.
Of old 'mongst men in many lands have they

Through all their varied modes and many gods,
Of Egypt old, of Chaldea, Greece and Rome,
By altars, shrines, arts and astrology,
By divination and by sorcery,
Through all a potency to crime they grew.
High priests, e'en Jewish priests annoint to God,
And priests of Christ to consecration vowed,
With reverend divines untrue to oath,
Of every creed and faith on earth proclaimed,
Their vows belied, have plunged in vice and crime.
And, O, the murdered blood at their behest,
The floods of blood by their accursed decree,
Would float the commerce of the world—a stain
Forever on their sarcerdotal robes.
I'd rather be the poorest mendicant
That ever begged for alms from haughty pride,
Be spurned from bounty's gate in rags disdained,
Than wear one day the sacred cloth the while

Forgetting holy trust, with consequence
To come for consecration's vows forsworn.
Then halt, O priest, ere consecration's vows
You dare assume, stand still and fear, O priest,
And you, O man ordained to teach and preach
The word of life, God's messenger to man,
Behold the lofty eminence whereon
You stand. O, men of God, 'tis awful height
Sublime, where but the few may dare, God's grace
Attending them, in trembling fear ascend,
His awful presence overhanging them.
But stands there yet a faithful front in line,
Who, true to God and man for man to God,
Ascend the dreadful eminence, and there
They dare proclaim and live eternal truth.

No such a case had ever been before
In Pontius Pilate's court, and he was moved

Upon by unseen touch that made him fear.
Proud procurator though he was, there held
His soul, that day, a wondrous spell, that he
Could not throw off. E'en all of Roman power,
And Cæsar's scepter, had he held it there,
Though all the world, if ruled by him, with all
The arms of war and legions brave to do
And dare in strife for him at his command—
It had but little him availed that day.
For held him there a mighty force unseen,
That crown nor sceptre swayed, nor arms of war
Could well defy; brave Cæsar's self that day,
In Pilate's stead, had trembled, too, and bowed
Perhaps his mighty head to Him the Christ,
Who scorned all pomp or royal diadems,
Who conquered where and when and whom He would,
By force that arms of war have never moved.
But still, anon, and with an awful thrill,

THE TRAGEDY OF THE AGES.

The Jews' wild cry rang o'er the rabble noise,
"His blood on us and on our children be."
O monstrous weight for all eternity;
Responsibility too great for man,
Had not God's love responsive heard Christ's prayer,
"Forgive them, for they know not what they do."
Although they knew it not, yet ne'er before,
Nor has there ever been since that great day,
A scene like that; it once could be—no more.
Then darkness hung o'er old Jerusalem,
And gloomful shade o'er all Judea spread,
'Till mute in awe the bravest blanched with fear,
For shook and quaked the rocky hills around,
And wide was rent the huge stone temple's veil.
O such a scene! ten thousand years, by tens
And thousands though thrice over multiplied,
Through all eternity, will that day's work
Momentous stand—redemption wrought for man.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

"Then darkness hung o'er old Jerusalem,
And gloomful shade o'er all Judea spread."

Before nor since by any earthly law,
Was such transaction seen by mortal eye.
A world apostate and rebellious grown,
In full its guilt all concentrated there,
And hung upon the cross in God's own Son,
Who, with capacities transcending all
Of finite consciousness or mortal force,
Endured an agony that measured full
The total sum of man's apostasy
From God, as seen by His Omniscient eye.

O, how Judea's heaving bosom burst!
Her dead arose, through darkness ghastly stalked
About, and fear dwelt there in every heart.
A chilling howl went up from kenneled curs,
And prowling lank street-dogs, with scent of blood,
'Mongst foul Golgotha's jackals yelping whined;
Wild birds swooped low, then screaming soared away:

As trickled down His side, drop after drop,
The Savior's mortal blood, immortal life
For man, blind instrument, there working out,
Unwittingly, the problem great of life,
Through passion's murd'rous death our deathless life.
All nature animate in nerve was shocked;
The lowing kine forsook their pasturage,
Whilst mother-breasts refused their sucklings milk.
The lips of Jewish girls cold purple grew,
And pale their cheeks became of fear; the while
Brave sportive youths grew grave, unknowing why
They'd felt their spirits ne'er before oppressed
As then, and, talking one to other, told
How in the marts of trade it had been said,
Alas, too late! that He who called Himself
The Son of God, and King Himself declared—
Wherefore 'gainst Him we all cried out enraged—
Was after all a righteous prophet slain;

A prophet great confessed by some indeed,
And more of Him they even say, while fear
Hath made the priest-hood pallid shake.

"Yes, that is true," spoke out another youth,
"And, here me, comrades mine, I raised my hand
To strike the Nazarene, when such a look
Of tender love, mine eyes had never seen
Before in face of man, as He gave me.
My hand fell down, and through my soul I felt
A wondrous love for Him, and feel it still;
And, comrades, verily not I alone
Was thus impressed, for one reviling Him
In Christ's eyes looked, then turned away and wept.
Cold-hearted Herod found no fault in Him,
And marked we all how Pontius Pilate strove
Within himself, and fain would quit himself
As procurator, washed untaint of blood.

But, O, remember those who mad cried out,
'On us and on our children be His blood.'
Ah, much I fear we little wot the cry
We made this day; for one, I sore repent.
Now truly love I Him on yonder cross,
O, Galilean, Christ, thou Son of God!
Wilt Thou arise as Thou hast said? Then I
Am Thine. Come, friends, I go to follow Him;
Come all, for verily He will arise."
Some jeered at him and called him mad, that thus
Would follow one on cross already dead.
But long years after did his name appear
Amongst the grand whose blood did testify
His faith and love for love fulfilled with blood.
Old fathers now, the day's excitement past,
Turned on each other anxious staring looks,
With pallor ghastly over-spreading them—
Perhaps, we hope, with tinge of some remorse—

As they did now discuss amongst themselves:
"Hark, friends," said one, "a prophet I am not,
But by a prophet's beard, if such a beard
Were mine, ill-omened would I call this day."
"And well you might," replied the second one.
A third one, grave and thoughtful, asked: "Marked ye
How strangely brave endured the Nazarene?"
"Aye," said the fourth, "that did I mark, but, hark,
How know we even now that He is dead?
Did not I stand," said he, "close by and hear
His prayer for those who this day wrought His death?
That is, if He be dead, the which I doubt.
Yet marked I this, they did not break His legs
Whilst ere the thieves were dead their legs they broke.
And this I heard a Roman soldier say:
'Be He the Christ or Nazarene or else,
Be what He may, no Roman life hath He,
Nor mortal man such heart hath ever had.

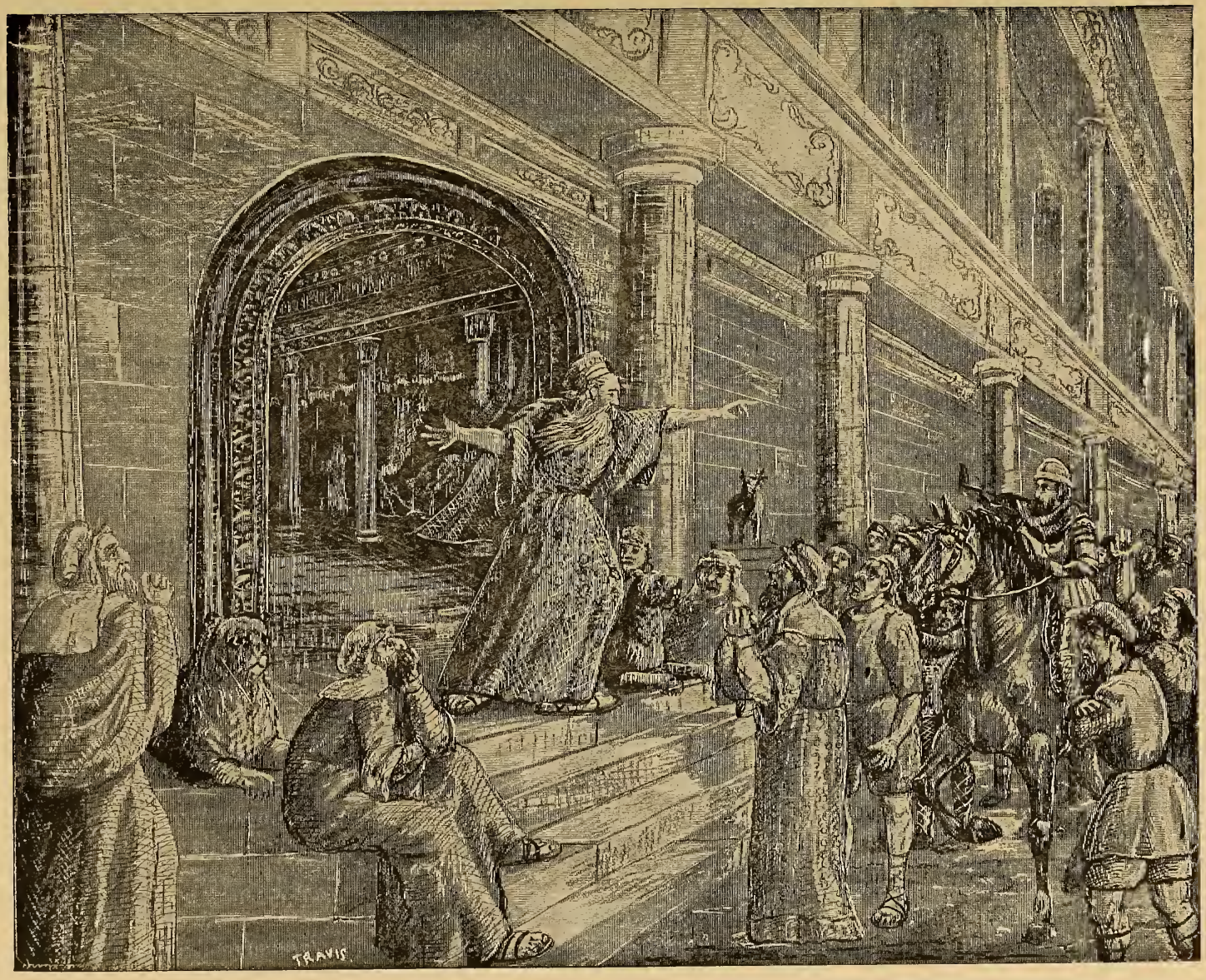
And, hark ye, friends, if He do die, these Jews
Have slain a more than king or phophet here,
For verily this is the Son of God!
The fools! they cried to Pontius Pilate, loud,
His blood on us and on our children be.'"
When this they heard, those awful words did sound
Alarm in every heart, they paler grew,
Then shook their heads, and said they all: "Alas,
Too true! that did we all unthinking cry,
His blood on us and on our children be."
Now spoke the butler, chief of Herod's house:
"Men, heard you not that wisest rabbi say,
Beholding how the rocky hills did quake,
And how the temple's veil in twain was rent,
With all so dark, and nature so convulsed,
And He, the Nazarene, e'en like a God,
In more than royal dignity so calm,
Defying all the pains of death, if death;

'Of verity, this Gallilean slain
The great Messiah is of prophecy,
No other He.' Thus spake the wise Ben Az.
And well I marked how grave his face became
When one him thus addressed: 'O, wise Ben Az,
Our rabbi father, do declare to us—
For fear doth move upon us sore that we
Have slain a prophet all unwittingly—
Hence we would fain have thee declare to us
What is the Nazarene on yonder cross?'
'The true Messiah He, so long foretold
By prophet sages, such as they of old.
The wise Isaiah much did prophesy
That seemeth strangely like to Him we've slain.'
Then brighter grew his eye, when said he loud:
'In vain the son of Immer smote in wrath
The prophet Jeremiah's cheek, in vain
He put him in the stocks for all the woes

He prophesied, in vain his wrath waxed great,
Though full six hundred years ago, the time
Now draweth nigh for all those woes to fall
Upon thee, O, accursed Jerusalem!'
Thus said in dreadful tones the wise Ben Az.
Just now by yonder temple Herod built
I saw him stand, and heard him talk in tones
That palsied me. Woe after woe proclaimed
He on Jerusalem, and on us all.
E'en Herod passing by did stop to hear,
And priests and people paled as said he thus:
'O base Jerusalem, thy gates shall fall,
Thy walls and palaces shall tumble down.
Go to, Jerusalem, woe unto thee!
Go to, ye daughters fair, ye mothers weep,
For lo! the day will come when you will pray,
O daughters fair, for barrenness, when you
In dreadful time of siege shall yet behold,

In famished ghastly wretchedness, like fiends
Fond mothers roast their babes for food, and rave
While eating them, in anguish sore distraught.'
Alas, 'twas thus that spake the wise Ben Az,
There shook his long grey beard, then waved his hand,
With cry, 'Go to, O ye unhappy Jews,
Remember thus you cried, His blood on us
And on our children be, now go and bow
Low down in dust, O, ye unhappy Jews!
A scattered, broken people shall ye be,
In scattered remnants dwelling far in fear,
'Mongst strangers who'll debase and drive you in,
And stone you, when abroad you go by day.
A by-word shall ye be, reproach and shame
Shall follow you full twice ten hundred years.
Yet shall ye gather gold, and barter far
With every people on the earth, whilst all
And everywhere accursed they'll call your race,

'Till nations proud shall turn to you for gold,
And ye shall lend to them, still scorned by them.
But, lo! enough,' he cried, 'Your cup, O Jews,
Shall fill and overflow.' Thus spake, in tones
Like voice of doom, the wise and great Ben Az."
When Chusa thus with grand effect rehearsed
The woes Ben Az proclaimed, fear filled their souls.
Again, with anxious, trembling voice, spake one:
"Alas, alas, so madly did we cry,
His blood on us and on our children be!
Yes, yes, ah yes, too madly did we cry
Those sin-accursed words." So said they all.
"His blood's on us and on our children, too;
Then woe to us and to our children woe."
Now wailed the mothers forth, who from house-tops
Came frightened down, with horror-stricken voice;
"Ah, woe to us, that woe-accursed cry
Our fathers and our husbands made this day,



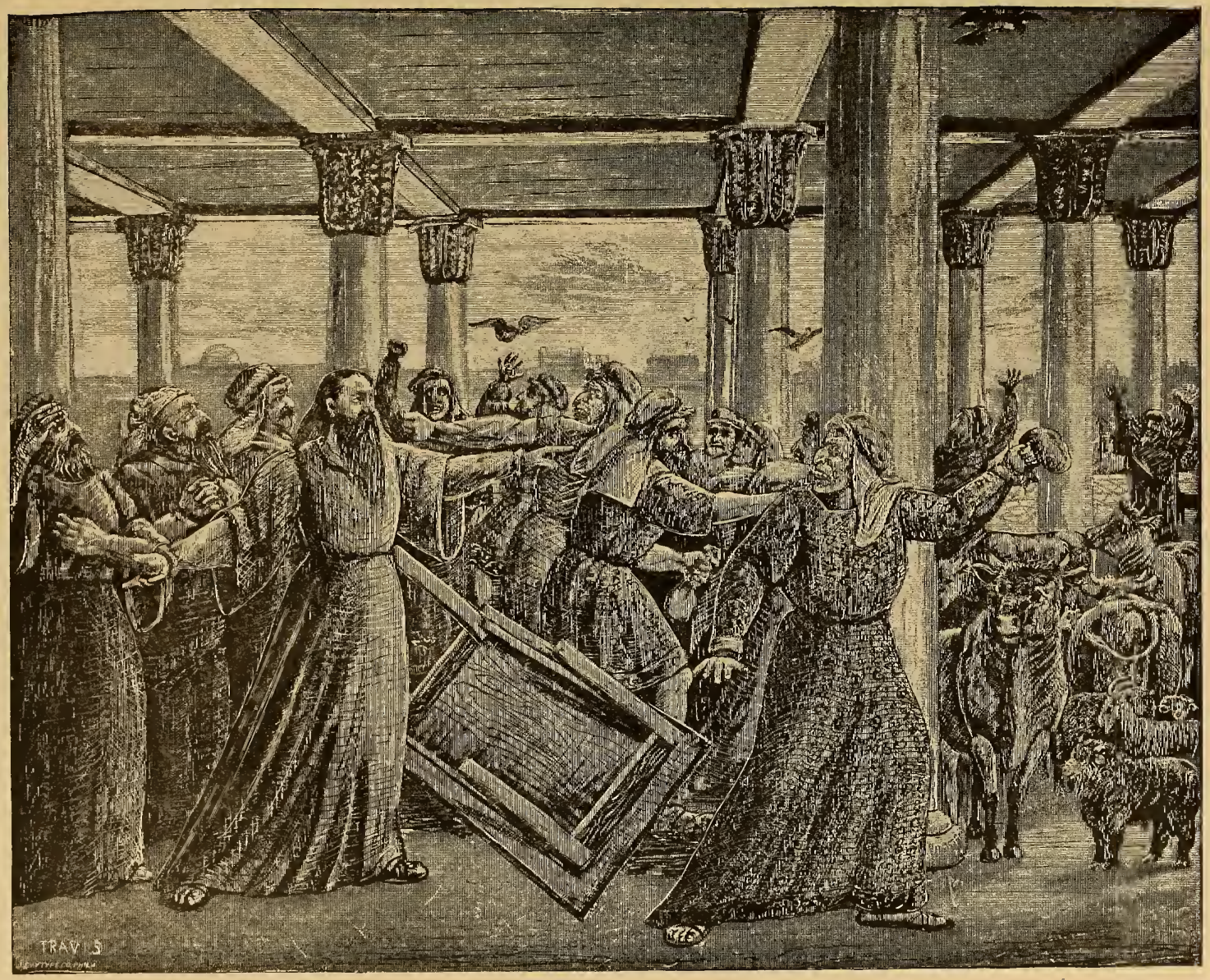
BEN AZ.

"Thus spake, in tones
Like voice of doom, the wise and great Ben Az."

'His blood on us and on our children be.'
What evil spirit hath there been abroad
To make such rancor in the men that they
Be ruled by hate on this feast day? instead
Of seeking mercy's aid, the Christ they kill."
Then loud did they bewail the awful deed,
And some of them, the weaker nervous sort,
Whom grief distracts, as joy in great degree
Doth make them wild hysteric grow, did now
Hysteric rail aloud against the men,
The awful men, the dreadful horrid men.
But others were more dignified, who, calm,
Stood speechless there, in grief benumbed.
From every part they gathered near the gate
That entrance is to women's court, the same
Called Beautiful, of bright Damascus brass.
Here wailed in plaintive cry a widow's voice.
"O dole," cried she, "'twas here by this gate lay

My son, of palsy struck, and speechless dumb;
When passing by, the Nazarene stooped down,
His hand laid on my son, and said, 'Arise!'
When up he rose, with strength and voice he spake.
To glorify such wondrous One, then I
Approached Him nigh, in rags, with trembling fear.
When He beheld my wretched clothes, He said:
'Go woman, now, thy son is whole, and he
Shall gain for thee thy raiment and thy bread.
Thy faith and his is well for thee, be clothed,
And be thou fed, then come and follow me.'
But now, alas! on yonder cross is He!
Ah, woeful day, woe, woe for all of us!"
"Yes," said another one, "Stood not I here,
And did I not myself behold thy son
Arise? aye, verily, full twenty-five
Myself that day I saw Him heal, but saw
I never one that He did harm," said she.

"Nay, nay! nor I, nor I," then cried they all.
"O shame, shame, Caiaphas, and woe to thee,
And all the priests, and all the men that said,
'His blood on us and on our children be.'"
Now spoke a matron strong, one known by name,
Susanna: "Was e'er Caiaphas once known
To heal the sick or even bless the poor?
Then, wherefore, pray, hath he and they condemned
To death One who so many cures hath wrought?
True, He did drive the money changers out
The temple here, their tables overthrew,
And did the hypocrites unmask, and curse
Pronounce on them and on the scribes alike.
The Sadducees He did confute, and hush,
Confused, wherever they did question Him.
The lawyers, too, and priests He did rebuke,
While all His life, so far above their lives,
Did them reproach. Then with authority



CHRIST DRIVING OUT THE MONEY CHANGERS.

"True, He did drive the money changers out
The temple there."

He spake; His words their wisdom could not move,
And Caiaphas could ne'er such thing abide;
So puffed high-priest, you see, late made, doth swell
Himself, and puff to fill his priestly robes.
As son-in-law of Annas, late high-priest,
Of riches great, who cares but for the rich,
They twain, loved not the Christ whose loving heart,
Compassion had for all the poor, and sick.
My husband, butler (chief,) of Annas smooth,
Hath told me late, how Caiaphas there talked
In whispers; yet, my husband heard him say:
'Yes, Annas, all is fixed, we've witness bought,
And He, the Nazarene, shall die; the price
Was small, yet Judas will betray this night
Our prey, the King who doth Himself bemean,
By eating bread with publicans, and doth
So fellowship with halt, the lame, and poor,
With fishermen and lowly people stay;

And yet He dares rebuke us here till they,
The people, now begin to doubt their priests,
Our priestly sway, and follow Him with faith
That ne'er will die 'till He condemned be dead.'
Still Annas asked, 'But what against the Man
Can you to Pilate make appear, my son,
As worthy death? 'Ha, that is well; he said,
Like Judas bought, false witness we have got—
Small price doth buy a craven wretch to lie.'
And in a whisper low, he said, 'I've taught,
And trained the witnesses to speak their part,
So king or Christ, be what He may, He'll die.'
This hath my husband heard, and, mark my word,
High-priest not long will Caiaphas be here."
Thus did Susanna tell to them the scheme,
The low and cunning scheme, between the two,
Design against the life of God's own Son.
Then spoke Joanna, wife of Chusa, steward

In Herod's house: "No love doth Herod bear
To Annas or to Caiaphas, for, mark,
My husband hath me told, how Herod calls
The puffy priest, sometimes the toad, and then
Again hyena, jackal, barking dog;
Such names as that; while Annas he doth call,
The wriggling eel, or snake, sometimes old fox;
And Chusa telleth me, how Herod hates,
And laughs to scorn, this Caiaphas, high-priest.
So, just to-day, with Pilate, friends again,
He laughing said: 'Too much doth swell himself
Yon red high-priest. By Mars, I like him not.
Some changes here about must soon be made,
From office he, and many more, shall go.'
And O I pray, my sisters all, that they
Who've wrought this grief for us to-day, may be
From office stripped and sent away from here.
My husband's wit so sharp these inklings caught

From looks, and winks, and hints by Herod made.
In Chusa's presence this he said, with nods:
'The high-priest's zeal this day we'll tell at Rome
With comment such as Cæsar may not like.'
Then laughing rubbed his hands said he, 'The toad.'"
Joanna thus narrating all she knew
Of courtly gossip, from her husband learned,
Was hearkened to with willing ears, till one
Said, "Come, why tarry here? Poor Mary weeps
At yonder cross, our aid she needeth sore,
Poor broken-hearted Mary's prostrate there;
Come, come away, we'll go and comfort her."
So they directly, some of them, did go.
Already Joseph had his work begun
Of love, with Nicodemus aiding him.
They wrapped in shroud, and bore with tender care
The Christ, away to Joseph's tomb, new hewn
In stone. The weeping Mary, John, the loved,

With those lov'd friends of Christ's and her's, with hearts
More sore and pained than pen or tongue can tell.
So slow, and sad, the mournful sisterhood,
With John, moved 'neath the arch, the grim dark gate
Of doomed, but grand and great Jerusalem.
The rumbling hills had quaked, deep darkness hung
O'er all Judea gloomed, the veil had rent
That hung in yonder shaken temple vast.
Now all was hushed, the air hung silent, sad,
The rocks lay still on Calvary, blood stained;
And save the growls of beasts 'round Judas dead,
In vile Gehenna's awful valley dark,
Dead silence took its mournful part and wept;
For wept the mother now of God's own Son.
The lowing kine moved slowly to their stalls,
And late remained unfed, as late did men
Return to homes disturbed; for silent gloom,
With evening, brooded like a mourning sea,

A sea of gloom that bore Jerusalem.
'Twas gloom profound, for wept Christ's mother there;
But in her grief there was a thrill of joy.
Had not Christ said, while on the cross, to John:
"Behold thy mother, John, and, woman, thou
Behold thy son." O! thrill of love divine.

Now, through the gloom of old Jerusalem,
Was heard the cry in doleful tones, Woe! woe!
Then passing close beneath the darksome walls,
There moved with solemn tread in toga wrapped,
A towering form, with voice that chilled and thrilled.
Out from beneath the dismal shades of walls,
Along the narrow street, like spectral form,
Still moved with solemn step a man unknown;
He neared the sisterhood, there cast him down,
Before them lay 'till rising slow he said:
"O, blessed mother of the Lamb now slain!

But woe! and woe! to great Jerusalem."
Then passed he slowly out the gate, and cried,
Till thrilled he all who heard his cry of woe!
While through the city went he wailing woe,
There none would near him come to question him.
But out the gate that leads to Bethlehem,
At last they saw, in failing shadow dark,
His form fade out, while yet they far away
Faint heard his gloomful wail of woe. Then fear
Made tremble all the Jews who wild did cry,
"His blood on us and on our children be."
Still walked through Bethlehem, and out and on,
The man unknown, far o'er Judea's plains,
His soul out-pouring all the way the wail:
"O, woe! and woe! thou proud Jerusalem!
There's blood on thee, and on thy children blood!"
Two thousand years well nigh the man unknown,
In toga wrapt, far o'er the earth has walked,

And still will walk o'er every land, and cry:
"Woe, woe to them on whom is stain of blood,
'Till Christ return, and wash the stain away."

EPILOGUE

The Jews, God's chosen race, with Romans strong,
Together acted in a mighty wrong.
Despite the deed, an era new had morn,
Although they knew it not, when Christ was born,
And Him they crucified, unthinking how,
In years to come, their heads to Him should bow
The Child of Bethlehem, a Man had grown.
With blessings all the world in tears He'd sown;
Long darksome centuries had holy men,
Wise seers, prophesied the day dawn when
Would come Messiah, King of Peace, to reign,
And all the wrath of wickedness restrain.
He came, the one foretold, and healed and taught,

EPILOGUE.

'Till triumph in His death salvation brought
To man, all heedless 'neath the curse and wrath
That hung o'er him, the blight of second death,
For law outraged, till came death's curse and doom;
Like pall it spread, and veiled the earth in gloom.
But o'er and through the gloom there rose a star,
In splendor vast, that gleamed and sent afar
Its beams of light, 'till they who watched by night,
Beholding, cried, "All hail day spring of light!"
Wise men had trailed o'er desert waste, and far
O'er mountain heights, drawn by Judea's star,
And wise men still to-day behold it shine,
O'er earth, o'er hell, and doubt—the Light Divine.
All hail and hallowed still its radiant beams,
Salvation's light to all on whom it gleams.
O, theme sublime, beyond the lofty height,
Where soul would fain be pinioned now for flight,
On wings of strength that would me bear up high,

EPILOGUE.

To see beyond this vale where mortals die,
To see and love the Christ, whose theme sublime
Will harmonize at last discordant time.
O, consummation wondrous, God's own plan,
Through mortal death, immortal life for man.
On Calvary three holes were dug, nor thought
The Jews to what momentous end they wrought.
Three holes they heedless dug for crosses three,
For grand display that day, that all might see.
On two of them for crime two thieves there died,
While on the third the Just was crucified.
Redemption's sacrifice one cross did hold—
O, Calvary sublime, thy story old.
Now evening comes; lo, on thy rocky face,
Three crosses lie blood-stained, each in its place.
Three days have passed, three crosses still lie there,
And angel wings do stir amidst the air,
Three angel messengers, all mounted they,

EPILOGUE.

Do ride on mighty steeds o'er Calvary.
A fourth one still comes nigh, his steed is black;
In hellish fitness they do nothing lack—
An angel fiend, and fiendish horse, they stare
With eyes insane, that roll and flash and glare.
From dread Gehenna's darksome shadows they
Came out, and up the rocky, dreadful way.
O fiend, with message dark, shalt cursing go,
Thou fiend, on black, wild steed, cry curse of woe.
A mighty angel, tall, superbly grand,
In splendor walked, and gave to them command.
They faced the north, south, east and west, in turn,
Each one the globe's four quarters thus to learn;
For o'er the world the angel bade them go,
And cry aloud to earth her joy and woe.
The first, on steed of milky white, thus bade:
"Ride, angel, o'er the world, and make it glad.
Thy steed shall spring from cross where Jesus died,

EPILOGUE.

Where ran the blood of Him the crucified;
Ride far and fast, nor tarry on the way,
O'er cities walled, for prison bars ne'er stay,
O'er land and sea, wherever man may dwell,
Ride, angel, ride, and heaven's message tell.
Cry joy to earth, salvation now is free;
For lives the slain from cross of Calvary,
The Christ doth live, He liveth, though He died.
Go, angel, go, cry joy, I bid you ride."
The second one, on steed of creamy white,
Was bade to ride o'er earth, both day and night,
With cry to all the penitent who groan:
"Rejoice, O troubled souls, Christ doth atone.
From where the thief in penitence did die,
I bid you, angel, ride, thy message cry."
And there, on steed of dusky shade, the third,
An angel clad in gloom, her message heard,
With head bowed low, in sorrow sore oppressed.

EPILOGUE.

The angel kindly this one thus addressed:
"Why bow thy head? look up! for whence thy steed
Doth leap the thief impenitent did bleed.
Go, angel, go, I bid you ride and cry,
'Woe, woe to them who unrepenting die.'"
Now comes the fourth, who rides the black wild horse,
The angel turned on him, and said: "Thou curse,
Go, angel-fiend, from dark Gehenna's vale,
Ride, ride, 'till all the traitor ears thy wail
Of curses deep and awful hear, till breaks
In terror every traitor's heart, and quakes
The vault of hell. Go ride, thou angel-fiend,
Cry curse and doom to every Judas friend,
Go, hell is in thy steed and thee, go ride,
Cry curse of death for trust and faith belied;
With snake grasped in thy hand, lash, lash thy steed,
Till dead false hearts again do burst and bleed,
Go hiss and scream till tears thy voice the air,

Doom death and hell for traitors everywhere;
Thou spirit-fiend from dark Gehenna's shade,
Immortal voice of Judas shalt be made.
O fiend, thou thrice-accursed, go ride and cry,
Thou voice of Judas, go, thou'lt never die,
While all eternity in cycles run,
Ride on, and curse, immortal fiend, ride on."
The mighty angel tall, superbly grand,
In star-bespangled robe, did wave her hand,
And bade them ride, and loud their message cry.
So far away they ride—their steeds do fly.

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